



Hugh Peters:



Hugh Peters:

THE Read
Tales and Jests
Of Mr.
HUGH PETERS,

Collected into one Volume.

Published by one that hath formerly
been conversant with the Author
in his life time.

And dedicated to

Mr. { JOHN GOODWIN,
and
{ PHILLIP NYE.

Together with his Sentence, and the man-
ner of his Execution.

L O N D O N.
Printed for S. D. and are to be sold by
most of the Book-sellers in London.

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THE

Tales and Fables

BY
J. B. HARRIS

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in New York



To
The Reverend, his Dearly beloved
Brethren,

Mr. { *John Goodwin.*
Phillip Ny.

Brethren,

I Should doe you and the Author an unexampled injury, should I detain this Dedication from you, since necessity on the one side, and equity on the other compels me to it : Necessity, in regard no other persons will patronize him ; and equity, because you have been co-partners with him in all his misdemeanors ; so that you are by most well-Principled men term'd, *A Trinity of Traytors* ; but our author minding the Publike good, hath thus inrolled his name in the Catalogue of Wits, and desires to wipe off all the obloquy people have cast upon him, by leaving these *Remains* to after-ages, that those

The Epistle Dedicatory.

those which make him the subject of their discourses, may by remembering his Jeasts forget his Crimes ; he hath long enough been covered with the Knaves-Coat, and therefore now puts on the Fools ; for that as Mr. Nedham saith, Is the only way to preferment, and a Ladies Chamber: and without controversie, the *Levite* may laugh, or cause laughter, as well as the *Layman*. *Semel in anno ridet Apollo*. The God of Wisdom may frolick it sometimes, why then may not he unbend himself with moderate mirth ? *Non seria semper* : he that with *Heraclitus* whines away his time , I judge more culpable, then he that with *Democritus* shakes it away with laughter. I have long time known this second *Scoggin*, and have been an often hearer of him, and I finding his Discourses so much of *Wit* and *Mirth*, could not but rake these embers together. There are amongst them several Pulpit-flashes, for indeed they are collected out of many of his Sermons, by the pen of a ready writer ; they are the Cream of his Applicatory part : and since his Homilies would be too voluminous, and probably

The Epistle Dedicatory.

bably impertinent. I have made this Publication, that his Mēemory may survive his ashes, and you likewise to whom it is Dedicated have a share in his Immortality. And beleeve me, let the World say what it will, *Archee* was a fool to him, as appears by his fulfilling the Proverb, *Fortune favours Fools*: for he got a good Estate; & so did our Author too, You'l say: but Fortune playes the Strumpet, He got it like a Fool, and must loose it like a Fool: I cannot forget that Lesson he said the Heathen taught him, and indeed it concerns you all:

— *Non Lex est justior ulla,
Quam veris Artifices arte perire sua.*

But you must know, *A Fools Bolt is soon shot*, and it is no matter what they say, that matter not what they say, I am sure no Heathen could exceed him, for a Heathen in teaching him taught a man, but he would preach to Horses, *Even till they broke their Halters*; and tell me which is the hardest task, for a Heathen to make him cry, or he

to

The Epistle Dedicatory.

to make a **Dog** laugh. I remember he was
once in Company with some Ladies, and
was extreme bashful; whereupon a Gentleman
reproved him in this wise, *Fool,*
at'em; and ever since sprung up that Pro-
verbial word, *Fool-a-tum*. This being all,
Dear Brethren, I remain,

Yours in the Lord (would I could say)
Protector.

S. D.

The



THE
Contents of the Tales and Jestes
of Mr. *Hugh Peters.*

- 1 How Mr. Peters being belated on a journey,
lodged at a Millers house, and what passed
between him and the miller.
- 2 How a notable Parson put a jest upon Mr.
Peters and Mr. T. when he was exami-
ned by them.
- 3 How Mr. Peters broke a jest upon a Lady.
- 4 How Mr. Peters reprov'd Oliver Crom-
wel for sleeping in the Church whilst he
was preaching.
- 5 How Mr. Peters divideth his Text at St. Al-
bans.
- 6 How Mr. Peters and his Neighbour discour-
sed on the wind.
- 7 How M. Peters inveigh'd against the pride
of the English Nation.
- 8 How Mr. Peters jested on his Horse.
- 9 How M. Peters examined a Country lad, and

The Contents.

- the jests that hapned at that time.
- 10 How Mr. Peters and several Justices of the Peace sat two days about the brewing of small Beer.
 - 11 How Mr. Peters adviseth a Traveller to be accomplisht.
 - 12 How Mr. Peters served the Parson of a hot constitution.
 - 13 How M. Peters gave his opinion concerning Christendom.
 - 14 How Mr. Peters rode through the Strand.
 - 15 How Mr. Peters wrote a Letter from Tredagh in Ireland.
 - 16 How Mr. Peters described a Whore.
 - 17 How Mr. Peters lighted the blind Harper.
 - 18 How Mr. Peters told a Tale of a man, a fish, and a bird.
 - 19 How Mr. Peters cheapned a Close-stole.
 - 20 How Mr. Peters jeer'd a Justice.
 - 21 How Mr. Peters cloath'd Christ in a buff-coat.
 - 22 How Mr. Peters opened heavens gate to a Committee-man.
 - 23 How Mr. Peters told a tale of his Friend.
 - 24 How Mr. Peters described a Citizen.
 - 25 How M. Peters shew'd one the way to Tame.
 - 26 How

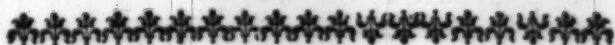
The Contents.

- 26 How M. Pet. discoursed with a Tradesman.
- 27 How M. Pet. reprov'd a young Schollar.
- 28 How M. Pet. made an ass of a Gentleman.
- 29 How Mr. Peters saved his license.
- 30 How Mr. Peters gave his judgment of a Chollerick Gentleman.
- 31 How M. P. extoll'd the Army under Oliv.
- 32 How M. P. visited the Earl of Pembroke.
- 33 How M. Pet. wished his auditory to beware of 3 W's.
- 34 How M. Peters called his hearers fools.
- 35 How M. P. took an affront on the Exchange.
- 36 How M. Pet. said where his Majesty was.
- 37 How M. Peters inveigh'd against Citizens wives.
- 38 How Mr. Pet. jeered a rich man and his fat Wife.
- 39 How M. Pet. said he had been in heaven.
- 40 How M. Pet. answered Oliver Cromwel.
- 41 How Mr. Peters jested at his friends hurt.
- 42 How M. Pet. defaced a shoulder of mutton.
- 43 How Mr. Peters mistook in reaching to the top of the Pulpit.
- 44 How Mr. P. advanced the cause of Oliver.
- 45 How M. Peters went to heaven and hell.
- 46 How M. Peters shared with the State.
- 47 How m. Peters was serv'd by the Butchers Wife.

The Contents.

- 48 How M.P. prayed against the Kings Arms.
- 49 How Mr. Pet. discoursed against Organs.
- 50 How Mr. P. preached 3 hours on a fast day.
- 51 How mr. P. said, the word of God had a free passage.
- 52 How mr. Peters bought cloath by the measure of his sword.
- 53 How m. P. asked Grapes of Ald. Tichburn.
- 54 How mr. Peters jcered the Poet Withers.
- 55 How mr. P. gave his opinion of the 3 LLL.
- 56 How m. P. made himself Hewlons father.
- 57 How mr. Pet. compared his late Majesty to Barrabas.
- 58 How mr. Pet. quoted 3 fools in the Gospel.
- 59 How two Gentlemen put up a bill to Mr. Peters.

THE



THE
Tales and Jestes of Mr. *Hugh Peters*,
Collected into one Volume.

JEST I.

How Mr. Peters being belated on a journey, lodged at a Millers house, and what passed between him and the Miller.

MR. *Peters* being on a journey inquired of a Miller whom he saw standing on his mill, where he might have a lodging for himself, and conveniencie for his Horse; the Miller answered, he knew no place thereabout: whercupon *Peters* travelled on his way, till he came to a little house, which as you shall hear anon, appear'd to be the Millers; there he knocks, the good Woman coming to the door, Mr. *Peters* desires her if she can to lodge him there; she tells him, she had but one bed in the house, and therein lay her husband and her self, but if he would be content with clean straw in the Barn, he might have that, and his Horse might stay there too; for she knew no other way to help him. Mr. *Peters* accepted the proffer, and betakes himself to the Barn, where he had not long layn, but through a small cranny, he spies a man with a bottle of wine and a Capon, which was no sooner brought, but immediately a good fire was made, and down there-to it went; anon knocks the Miller, all the while the Dame was sore affrighted, and presently conveys

veys away the Capon on the spir, puts out the fire, hides her friend in a kneading trough hard by, and having thus with abundance of celerity made a clear coast, she opens the door for her husband. The good man being weary, is presently desirous to be at rest, and she as willing he should ; but Mr. *Peters* seeing him betake himself to his bed, bethought how he might be Master of that Capon ; which he effected in manner following. Leaving his Barn, he comes to the door of the House, knocks, and straight there appears the Miller : Honest friend, Quoth Mr. *Peters*, I enquired of you for a lodging, but you knew of none, therefore I am content with this Barne; but being exceeding hungry I desire you by any means to refresh me with what you have; I shall content you to your own desire : Indeed, quoth the Miller, I have nothing but what I know you can scarce eat, being a peece of brown bread, and Suffolk-cheese; so opens the door, and lets him in : Mr. *Peters* being in, said, Now my friend, what if I should try a conclusion for some Victuals, thou'dst not be angry, woulst thou ? I angry ? no in truth, Sir, nor I, quoth the Miller. With that, quoth *Hugh*, When I was a youth I could conjure, and I thinke I have not forgot: so uttering some barbarous words, and making strange figures wick his fingers, saith he, Lock in such a place, and see what there is. Oh Sir, quoth the Miller, I pray Sir, do'nt Conjure, I would not by any means you should, nor dare I doe as you command me ; prethee, saith Mr. *Peters*, doe so as I say, and fear not, we shall have good chear anon ; by these perswasions the Miller was wrought upon, he looks, and finds a goodly Capon piping

piping hot, which he brings forth : to this they both
 fall to, and were very well satisfied ; but Mr. *Peters*
 complaining of the smallness of the Millers drink,
 would needs conjure again : so doing as before, he
 bid the Miller look in such a place, the Miller look-
 ed and there finds a bottle of wine, this they drank,
 the Miller all this while admiring, and verily be-
 lieved his guest had been a conjurer : having now
 eat and drank sufficiently ; Now, saith Mr. *Peters*,
 but what if I should shew you the devil that brought
 these good things ? Oh, quoth the Miller, for Gods
 sake, Sir, forbear, I never saw the Devil yet, and I
 would not see him now : Nay, saith Mr. *Peters*, doe
 you doe as I shall instruct you, and you need not
 fear ; stand in the next room, and when I stamp, then
 come forth : with much perswasions, he went in ;
 being gone, Mr. *Peters* steps to the trough, where-
 in the kind Devil had hid himself, and uncovering
 it, saith he, Goe your ways and be glad you scape
 so : out goes the man, and Mr. *Peters* then stamps
 with his foot, whereupon presently appears the
 Miller, Look, saith Mr. *Peters*, see you where the de-
 vil goes ? Good God, replied the Miller, if you had
 not said it was the devil, I durst have sworn it had
 been the Parson of our Parish. As indeed it was.

JEST 2.

*How a notable Parson put a merry jest upon Mr. Peters
 and Mr. T. when he was examined by them.*

A Country Parson being examined in order to
 his settlement in a Benefice, in which Committee
 sat Mr. *T.* and Mr. *Peters*, the latter being chair-
 man,

man, he began to check the Parson for his former inormities, telling him how he had mispent his time in ryoting, and drunkenness, not regarding the good of Souls; to which the Parson humbly reply'd, It was true he had been too negligent of his duty, but had repented, & was become a new man, and no man but had his failings, as we may read in the Example of the wisest men, *Solomon, David, &c.* they were polluted with the flesh, and as the Apostle saith, *Such were some of you.* Mr. *Peters* thinking this to be an affront cast upon himself, Quoth he, Here's a fellow abuses us to our teeth, and would by no means be perswaded to abide there any longer, but in anger went to an adjoining room. Mr. *T.* being there, went to him, and advised him not to take exceptions at what was said, for saith he, The man said nothing but what was Truth and Scripture, and you need not apply it to your self, more then another man; at last Mr. *Peters* came again into the room, but willed Mr. *T.* to examine the Parson, for he would not: whereupon Mr. *T.* askt him, How he came to be converted. The Parson answered, He supposed, it was by reading; for of late he had given himself much to reading, hearing, and praying. Why, saith Mr. *T.* What Authors have you read? The Parson replyed, He had read divers, as *Nazianzen, Isidore,* and many others. Which, saith Mr. *T.* wrought upon you, in reference to your conversion? In truth, Sir, said the Parson, that is very difficult to determine. But which doe you think? saith Mr. *T.* Why indeed, saith the Parson, I have read many, but I suppose the chiefest Peece that wrought upon my heart, was Mr. *B.* against *T.* Mr. *T.* hearing him say so, was in as great a rage as his Predecessor: and taking Mr. *Peters* aside, told him, He was now of his opinion. Nay, saith Mr. *Peters*, The man speaks truth, I beleeve, nor have you any reason to be angry with him; for in reading *B.* against *T.* he reads *T.* himself, and you know not, but it might be your part of the Book that converted him. But the Parson having set them together by the ears, went out, and never came before them any more.

How Mr. Peters broke a jest upon a Lady.

Mr. Peters by chance meeting a Lady of his acquaintance, asked her how she did, and how her good husband fared; at which words weeping, she answered, her husband had been in Heaven long since. In Heaven quoth he, it is the first time that I have heard of it, and I am sorry for it with all my heart.

How Mr. Peters reprov'd Oliver Cromwell for sleeping in the Church while he was preaching.

It being his turn to preach before the some time Protector at the Chappel in *White-hall*, much about the time that his present Majesty was marching towards *Worcester*, he espied that the Devil had shut the casements of his Highnesse his eyes, and lulled him a sleep, whereupon varying from his discourse in hand, quoth he, we have now an enemy in this our land, a Potent one, and it is not unknown I suppose to any here that he dayly approaches nearer us, but 'tis no matter, I preach but in vain while my Auditory sleeps, I hope he will come and take you napping.

How Mr. Peters divided his Text at St. Albons.

Mr. Peters being another time to preach at *Saint Albons*, to that end ascends the Pulpit, where after he had prayed, he takes his Text out of *Saint Markes Gospel*, chapter 5. verse 23. wherein are these words, *The unclean spirits entred into the swine, and the herd ran violently down a steep place into the sea, and were choked.*

From which words he gathered these 3. Observations, taken from so many *English Proverbs*.

1. *That the Devil will rather play at small game, then sit out.*
2. *That they must needs goe, whom the Devill drives.*
3. *That at last he brought his Hogges to a faire market.*

How Mr. Peters and his Neighbour discoursed of the wind.

Being at his own House in the Country, when a great Tempest of wind rose, he takes an occasion to visit a Neighbour by him, and being somewhat merily disposed, Quoth he, Oh Neighbour, did you not see what a wind there was the other day? No, said his Neighbour, how should I see it? Why quoth Mr. Peters with thy eyes as I did. Pray tell me then said his Neighbour, if you saw it, what was it like? Like, quoth he, it was like to have blown my house down.

How Mr. Peters inveighed against the pride of the English Nation.

The same man inveighing violently against the pride of this Nation, brake passionately into this Expression, Pride is the worm that consumes the best Fruit in this our Terrestrial Paradise; For behold the Merchants wife in her Satins, the Citizens in her Silkes, and the Chamber-maid, marry come up, she must glitter in her silver Laces, on the upper coat half a Dozen at least, on the next coat few less; Nay, their very Smocks must be laced forsooth; Take up that, and there sits Pils in her Majestie.

How

How Mr. Peters jested on his horse.

Mr. *Peters* being in a chamber with a Friend, and looking out at the window, saw one riding on a horse in the street, Do you said he, see yonder horse? Yea, quoth the other; then Replies he, you may swear you have seen the best horse in *England*: How know you that said his Friend? I know it well, said he, for it is my horse, and I am sure he is the best, and yet I dare swear I have one in my stable worth ten of him.

How Mr. Peters examined a country Lad, and the jests that happened at that time.

An unhappy boy that kept his Fathers sheep in the country, did use to carry a pair of Cards in his pocket, and with the same (meeting with companions) played at one and thirtie, (a Game so called) at which sport he would some dayes loose a sheep or two, for which his Father corrected him; in revenge whereof, the boy would drive the sheep home at night over a narrow bridge, where some of them falling into the water, were drowned. The old man wearied with his sons ungracious trick, had him before Mr. *Peters* (the being a man busie, and having some Authoritie in those parts where he lived) Mr. *Peters* begins to reprove the boy in these words; Sirrah, you are a notable Villain, you play at Cards, and lose your Fathers sheep at one and thirtie. The boy (using small reverence and lesse manners,) Replyed it was a lie; A lie quoth Mr. *Peters* you sawcie Knave, do you give me the lie? No quoth the boy, but you told a lie; for I

never lost sheep at one and thirtie, for when my game was one and thirtie I alwayes won; indeed said Mr. Peters thou saiest true; But I have another accusation against thee, which is, that you drive your Fathers sheep over a narrow bridge, where some of them are often times drowned. Thats a lie too quoth the boy, for those that goe over the bridge are well enough, it is onely such as fall besides that are drowned, which Mr. Peters acknowledged for a truth, and being well pleased with these clownish answers, gave him a short advice, and then dismissed him.

How Mr. Peters and several Justices of the peace, sate two dayes about brewing small Beer.

Certain Justices of the Peace (with whom M. Peters) was then accompanied) being informed of the frequent sin of Drunkenesse within their Jurisdictions, met at a Market Town, and sate two dayes to reform it, wher eupon they commanded that from thenceforth smaller drink should be brewed, at which Order a mad Toſ-pot grieved, and having made himself half drunk, without fear or wit came to the Justices, and asked them if they had sat two dayes about brewing of small Beer; One of them answered yes, why then quoth he, I pray sit three more, to know who shall drink it, for I will none of it.

How Mr. Peters adviseth a Traveller to be accomplished.

A Friend of Mr. Peters being in discourse with him, took an occasion to ask him this question, when was the fittest time to journey? Quoth he when you have a good horse, mony in the purse, and good company.

How

How Mr. Peters served the Parson of a hot Constitution.

Mr. *Peters* having desired a country Parson and Friend of his to give him a Sermon, the Parson consented, but Mr. *Peters* being in a merry vain resolved to make a jest, though he spoyled a Text. For hearing that the Parson was of a hot a constitution, that he would oftentimes preach in the Pulpit with his breeches down, he caused a Turf of an Ants hill to be laid on the Pulpit bench, The Parson seeing the Turf, was well pleased, supposing it was laid there onely as throwings to adorn his seat. So his breeches being down, he sits a while, and when the Psalme was concluded he rises to his Prayer, all which time the Ants were very civil, till he had proceeded a good way, but then a War began, insomuch that by their biting and his scratching, some drops of blood was spilt upon the place, which caused him to break forth into these words, The Word of God — and making a full stop, quoth he, good people, the word of God is in my mouth, but I think the Devil is in my tail.

How Mr. Peters gave his opinion concerning Christendome.

It was an usual saying of Mr. *Peters*, That in Christendome there were neither Scholars enough, Gentlemen enough, nor Jews enough, and when answer was made that of all these 3. there was rather too great a plenty, then a scarcity, he repli'd that if ther were scholars enough, so many would not be double or treble beneficed,

beneficed, if Gentlemen enough, so many Peasants would not be reckoned among the Gentry; and if Jews enough, so many Christians would not profess Usury.

How Mr. Peters rode through the Strand.

Mr. Peters riding very fast through the Strand, a Gentleman coming by, was minded to make him stop, and to that end called after him, and coming to his speech, saith he, Sir, pray what Proclamation was that that was just now out? Mr. Peters (being angry to be stayed upon so frivolous a question) answered, he might see that on every post. I cry you mercy, said the Gentleman, I took you for a Post, you rode so fast.

How Mr. P. wrote a Letter from Tredagh in Ireland.

Mr. Peters being in Ireland at the taking of Tredagh sends up a Letter to the Parliament, whose substance was no more but ——— *The truth is, Tredagh is taken.*

Yours

Hugh Peters.

How Mr. Peters described a Whore.

Mr. Peters discoursing with a Friend of his, about what Effigies were the best to adorn a Room, his Friend told him, that among the rest he intended to buy, he would have a Curtisan exactly painted. You may very well save that labour, said Mr. Peters, for if she be a right Whore she will paint her self.

How

How Mr. Peters lighted the Blind Harper.

Mr. Peters being in company with a Parliament-man one evening, it so happened, that a blind Harper coming by, and hearing their discourse, began to play; upon which they willed him to come into the house: And having done, Mr. Peters called to his friends Servant to light the Blind Harper out. To whom the servant said, Sir, the Harper is Blind. Why then (quoth Mr. Peters) he hath the more need of Light.

How Mr. Peters told a Tale of a Man, a Fish, and a Bird.

Mr. Peters being in the pulpit at *Christ Church*, came to the end of his Sermon, as the people did suppose: But he perceiving them to make towards the door, wished them to lend their Attentions for a word or two more, and he would conclude. The people being then a big with expectations, for the most part, he began as followeth: Beloved, in former times there were three creatures agreed to go on Pilgrimage together, by name, a Man, an Eele, and a Swallow: They accompanied one another a great way, till the two last were almost tyred; wherefore, coming to a Wood, the Bird catches an opportunity, and flies away: Now there remained onely the Man and Fish, and they kept together still, untill they came to passe over a small brook; but the Fish seeing the waters, gives a slip from the Man, and was never seen after: Now the Man was left alone; but on he goes, and having passed the brook, espies on the other side

side several long rods, these he laies unto bundles: Now beloved, what think you these rods were for; I'll tell you, they were to whip such men as will make hast from a Sermon, and return to hear a tale. So much for this time.

Mr. Peters cheapned a close Stool.

Mr. Peters once cheapned a close stool, but the Shop keeper asked (as he thought) too much for it, but still commended his commodity, willing him to Note the goodness of the Lock and Key, at which he replied, I have small use for either Lock or Key, for I purpose to put nothing in it, but what I care not who steals.

How Mr. Peters Feared a Justice.

Mr. Peters riding on the way with a Justice of the peace, to drive tediousness out of time, the Justice said to him, suppose Sir that all the world were dead, but you and I, and that one of us should be turned into a Horse, and the other into an Ass, which of the two would you chuse to be; Mr. Peters answered, I shall give your worship the choice, why then quoth the Justice I would be a Horse, nay said Mr. Peters let me intreat your Worship to be an Ass, for I would chuse that above any thing, why said the Justice, marry quoth Hugh, because I have known many asses to become Justices, but I never knew a horse come to the like preferment.

How Mr. Peters clothed Christ in a Buffe Coat.

Another time he told his Auditory, he had brought them Christ in a Buffe Coate; saying here, take him while

while you may have him, for if you refuse him this time, i'll carry him with me to *New-England*.

How Mr. Peters opened Heavens Gate to a Committee man.

Preaching once in *Ireland*, and discoursing on the times, it came into his head, with his Knuckle to hit against the Pulpit, intimating to his Auditory, he had been in heaven, and answering the sound, quoth he, who is there, a Cavalier, Oh a Cavalier! you must not come here, you must to hell, for you fight against the Parliament. Then he knocks again, and cries who is there, a Roundhead, oh a Roundhead! you must come hither neither, you are factious and disorderly in opinions: so he knocks the third time, and cries who is there, a Committee man, oh a Committee man! he *must* come, and shall, laying his hands on the Pulpit dore, as if he would let him in.

How Mr. Peters told a tale of his friend.

Mr. Peters being merry with some friends of his, entertains them a while with this following story, quoth he, I knew a lusty Miller much given to the flesh, that never suffered any female to bring any Grift, but he would endeavour to blow up their Chastities, and with whom soever he was familiar, he would bargain that at the day of his Mariage, each of them should send him a Cake; In proceſſe of time the Miller was married, and according to promise, they sent in their Cakes, to the number of Ninety and nine; His wife the bride wondred what was the meaning of so many Cakes, the Miller told her the truth of all without any dissembling; to whom his wife answered, if I had been so wise in Bargaining, as you have been, the

D

young

young man of my acquaintance, would have sent me a hundred Cheeses to have eaten with your Cakes.

How Mr. Peters described a Citizen.

He was wont to say, a Citizen was a man all in earnest, and in no point like a jest, because the Citizen was never bad, nor the jest never good, till they were both broke.

How Mr. Peters shewed one the way to Tame.

Mr. Peters journeying from Oxford towards London, met on the way with a Gallant that rode excessive hard, who enquired of him if that were the way to Tame, meaning a place so called: But Mr. Peters willing to mistake him, replied, Yes, your horse I'll warrant you, if he were as wilde as the Divil.

How Mr. Peters discoursed with a Tradesman.

Mr. Peters coming into a Tradesman shop in London, observed the Master to be very bountiful of his complements and congees; whereupon, quoth he, well said honest friend, it is a good sign that thou wilt never break, thou dost bend so much.

How Mr. Peters reprov'd a young Schollar.

Mr. Peters hearing of some boyfrowns exercises used on the Sabbath day, and that a young Schollar whom he knew was frequently at cudgel-playing with the rest, he sends for this Schollar, and told him how it suited not with his profession to use such an exercise, especially on such a day, and if he did not leave it, he would cause him to be ordered. Good Sir, replied the Schollar do not mistake me, for I do it on purpose to edifie the ruder sort of the people: How so? said

Mr. *Peters*, Marry Sir, said the Scholar, what in the morning and evening they have learned, I soundly beat into their heads at cudgels for their better remembrance.

How Mr. Peters made an Ass of a Gentleman.

Talking with a Gentleman that was rich and merry, the Gentleman said he had read a book called *Lucius Apuleius*, or the golden Ass, and that he found there, that *Apuleius* after he had been many years an Ass, by eating of roses did recover his humane shape again, Mr. *Peters* thereupon replies, Sir, if I were worthy to advise you, I would give you counsel to eat a salad of roses once a week at least your self.

How Mr. Peters saved his Licence.

Mr. *Peters* talking with some honest Country men, about the affairs of his parish, and happening to have his Licence in his hand, one of his Company seeing it, desires to look well on it; but perceiving it was in Latine, saith he, O I understand not Latine, but perhaps I may pick out a word or two. No by no means cryed Mr. *Peters*, I would not have my Licence picked, lest it should be spoyled.

How Mr. Peters gave judgment of a Cholerick Gentleman.

There was a Gentleman of a very hasty disposition, so that he would fret and quarrel perpetually, and withal was a great Tobacco-Taker. This Gentleman in his anger beat and kickt his man extremely, inso-much that the fellow ran away, and Mr. *Peters* being an acquaintance of his Masters, he repairs to him,

willing him to advise his Master to be more patient. Mr. *Peters* said he would, but, saith he, so must you, for you know his conditions, for my part I think he is transformed into Brawne, for he is all choller, and he supposed the reason of his Kicking was only because he took Colts-foot in Tobacco.

How Mr. Peters extolled the Army under Oliver.

It being ordered that Friday *December* the 22. 1648. should be set a part for fasting, it was likewise ordered that Mr. *Peters* should preach on that day, as accordingly he did, without any more Audience, then 4. Lords and 20. Commons. The subject of his Sermon was, That of *Moses his leading the Israelites out of Egypt*, which he applyed to the then Leaders of the Army; but how quoth *Hugh* shall the people in our dayes be led from their captivitie, That said he you shall know anon; then clapping his hands before his eyes he leaned on his cushion for a while, and suddenly starting up, saith he; He tell you no more then hath been revealed to me (There is no way out of *Egypt* but by rooting up of Monarchy. And this Army must do it; This Army is the stone spoken of, cut out of the Mountain, which must dash the powers of the earth in pieces. But some object, what the way we walk is without president, alas we must act without and beyond Presidents, are not many things in scripture without president. What think you of the *Virgin Mary*, was there ever any president that a *Virgin* should conceive? I tell you no. And this our Army hath done, and shall do such glorious things, as former ages never expected, the present doth admire, and the future will not believe.

How Mr. Peters visited the Earle of Pembroke.

Mr. Peters taking an occasion to visit the *E. of Pembroke*, he salutes his Honour in this manner; My Lord, I am come to see you, and intend to dine with you, and because you should not want company; I have brought one of the 7 deadly sins along with me, *viz. Col. ride*, and have brought the Devil too, *Col. Dragon*; at which jest they all laughed and were well pleased.

How Mr. Peters wished his Auditory to beware of 3 W s.

Mr. Peters preaching in a country Village, exhorted his Congregation in this manner, *Beware beloved of three mischievous W s. Wine, Women, and Tobacco*, but you will object *Tobacco is no W.* to which I answer, *Tobacco must be understood under the notion of a Weed, and then it holds right.*

How Mr. Peters called his hearers fools.

Mr. Peters preaching in a strange place, and having some information that the people suited not with his judgement. Took this portion of Scripture for his Text, *O ye fools, when will ye be wise?* which Text saith he admits of no divisions, for divide *O* from *Ye*, I cannot; or *Tec* from *Fools*, *O ye Fools!* that I am sure of, for you are such; *when will ye be wise?* that the Lord above knows, for I am sure I do not, nor ever shall.

How Mr. Peters took an affront on the Exchange.

Mr. Peters walking at full Change time, on the Royal Exchange, a certain person comes to him, and whif-

pering him in the ear, sayes to him, Mr. *Peters*, you are a Knaue, or else you had never gaind so much wealth as you have. Say you so, said he, marry if you were not a fool, you would be a Knaue too.

How Mr. Peters said, he knew where his Majestie was.

Mr. *Peters* was once heard to say, that he knew where his Majesty was, and being desired to tell, said, in *Bedlam* sure enough, for unlesse he be mad he will not be in *England*.

How Mr. Peters envieghed against Citizens wives.

Preaching in *London*, he exclaimed greatly against the Citizens wives, your City Mistresses, saith he, must have their lap-dogs to play with all day long, for want of children, and if by chance he lets fly an uncivil blast, then out ye foisting cur, O how he stinks! immediately after he leaps into their lap again, and to bed perhaps they both march together, and the happy cur is laid to saug, where many an honest man would be with all his heart.

How M. Peters jeer'd a rich man and his fat wife.

Mr. *Peters* being invited to dinner to a friends house, knowing him to be very wealthy, and his wife as fat as he was rich, brake this jest at Table before them, Truly Sir, said he, you have the world and the flesh, but pray God you get not the Devil in the end.

How Mr. Peters said he had been in Heaven.

Another time he told his Auditory he had been in Heaven, and there were store of Roundheads, but
going

going into Hell he found that so full of Cavaliers, that if a Round-head should chance to stumble thither, there would be no room for him.

How Mr. Peters answered Oliver Cromwell.

Being desired by *Oliver Cromwell* to repair to an appointed place, there to preach, it suddenly fell a raining, whereupon *Cromwell* offered him his Coat: To which he replied, i'll not have it for my part, I would not be in your Coat for a thousand pounds.

How Mr. Peters jested at his friends hurt.

Mr. Peters coming by one time, where he espied a friend of his, deeply cut in the head, who engaged too far in a foolish fray, he began to check him for his indiscretion: But, saith he, 'tis too late now to give you Counsel, come along with me to a Chirurgeon, a friend of mine, where I'll have you, see you drest, and then bid you farewell. Where being come, the Chirurgeon begins to wash away the blood, and search for his braines, to see if they were hurt. At which *M. Peters* cries out, what a mad man are you to seek for any such thing, if he had had any braines, he would never have ventured so rashly into so unlucky a Skirmish.

How Mr. Peters defaced a shoulder of Mutton.

Being invited to dinner, his Stomach invited him into the Kitchin to take a slice before dinner, where espying a Shoulder of Mutton, began to cut a peice of that, and to deface it: at which saith the Maid. O Sir, cut not of that, because it is old. Say you so, quoth he, then I will have a piece of it to chuse, for age you know is honourable.

How Mr. Peters mistook in reaching to the top of his Pulpit.

Mr. *Peters* preaching immediately after the death of *Oliver Cromwell*, in his Sermon brought in this Expression, that he knew *Ol. Cromwell* was in Heaven as sure as he could then touch the head of his Pulpit; and reaching up his hand came short thereof by half a yard.

How Mr. Peters advanced the Cause of Oliver.

Master *Peters* for the maintenance of the Army under his Master *Oliver*, used often times to exhort the people to be liberal in their Contributions, and having used his utmost endeavours in *London*, he endeavoured to stir up the wellaffected in several Counties, always intermixing somewhat of mony in his Discourse, but one time above the rest having provided himself with a pair of breeches without pockets, onely holes cut in the places where the pockets should be, and his Auditory being most Women, he affrighted them exceedingly with the terrible Characters he gave the Cavaliers, and at length out comes a whole bunch of Rings, which he had hung on his codpeice button; And my beloved, quoth *Hugh*, these Rings the Women of such a Town gave me, and shaking them a while in one hand, pretended to put them up, but standing upright in the Pulpit he took them through his breeches in the other, and see here saith he, beloved Sisters, these the pious minded Women of another Town gave me, to subdue the wicked Cavaliers; by this peice of Sophistry he would preach his ignorant hearers out of large sums of money, which it may be supposed he treasured in his own coffers.

How

XLV. How Mr Peters went to Heaven and Hell.

Mr *Peters* in the midst of one of his Sermons, dives down, and rising up again, saith, My Beloved, Where think you I have been now? Ile tell you, I have been in Heaven, and there's my Lord *Bradshaw*, and many other worthy persons of Note; then diving again, Now saith he, I have been in Hell, and there were a Number of factious Parliament men; and that they might believe it to be true as that Gospel, shewing a Paper-Book with Notes, bound up like a Testament.

XLVI. How Mr Peters shared with the State.

He was wont after his Collections to carry all his treasure into one Roome, where there was two Chests, then would he take one Bag and flinging it into one of the Chests, this saith he, for the State, and flinging another Bag into the other Chest, quoth he, this for my selfe; This would he so frequently do, that an ingenious fellow his servant noted it, & to imitate his Master would commonly before he gave his Master his accompts, do the same, having provided himselfe with two Chests or Trunks; would cry, This for my Master, and this for my selfe, inso-much that in short time he had heaped up a great treasure, and taking himselfe to be somebody more then formerly, attempted to make love to a Gentlewoman, related neerely to Mr *Peters*; whereupon Mr *Peters* checks him for the

presumption, saying, She had a great fortune, and was a pitch above him; Sir, quoth the servant, I am not so despicable as you may thinke, nor shall her fortune exceed mine; say you so, saith *Mr Peters*, make that appeare, and you shall have her; Why Sir, quoth the servant, I have done as you taught me; you used to say, this for the State, and this for my selfe; so I would cast into your treasury one Bag, and two into mine own; sayest thou so, replied his Master, Believe me I commend thee, and clapping him on the Back, saith he, say no more, thou dost deserve her; But whether they were married or not, my Intelligencer cannot informe me.

XLVII. *How Mr Peters was served by the Butchers wife.*

Mr Peters ingratiating himselfe with a *Butchers* wife, who was somewhat handsome, did with much intreaty gaine her consent to be her visiter at midnight, and she ordered him to come at such a time, and put his hand under the doore, where he should finde the Key which should open a passage to her chamber; he comes at the appointed time, but this crafty woman, instead of the Key, had there layd a Trap, and *Mr Peters* looking for the Key, did unluckily thrust his hand into the Trap, and could not get it out, till by his calling for helpe, he was heard, and disgracefully released.

XLVIII.

XLVIII. *How Mr Peters prayed against the Kings Armes.*

Praying in a Country village, he espyed in the Church the *Kings Armes*, whereupon he brings in these words, *Good Lord keepe us from the yoke of Tyranny*; and spreading his hands towards the *Kings Armes*, saith he, *Preserve thy servants from the paw of the Lyon, and the horne of the Unicorne.*

XLIX. *How Mr Peters discoursed against Organs.*

Mr Peters discoursing of Church Ceremonies, brake into this expression, *Tee must have Musick too*; but indeed when as ye say, *Lord have mercy upon us miserable sinners*, ye may well vary the words a little, and let your Petition be, *Lord have mercy upon us miserable Singers.*

L. *How Mr Peters preached three houres on a Fast-day.*

Mr Peters having on a Fast day preached two long houres, and espying his glasse to be out after the second turning up; takes it in his hand, and having againe turned it, saith, *Come my Beloved, we will have the other glasse, and so wee'll part.*

LI. *How Mr Peters said the word of God had a free Passage.*

Discoursing of the advantage Christians have above Heathens, and shewing that they were guided only by a Natural Instinct, but we have

the word preached to us, and indeed, saith he, the Gospel hath a very free passage amongst us, for I am confident, it no sooner enters in at one eare, but it is out at the other.

LII. *How Mr Peters bought Cloath by the measure of his sword.*

Mr Peters being at a Linnen Drapers buying Cloath, would not be contented with their yards or elves, but drawing out his sword, told the Draper he would measure his Cloath thereby, or he would not buy, which the Draper after he had viewed the sword consented to, and so they presently agreed.

LIII. *How Mr Peters asked Grapes of Alderman Titchbourne.*

Alderman *Titchbourne* so formerly called wrote a Booke, and entituled it, *A Cluster of Canaans Grapes*, and Mr Peters meeting of him asked him if his worship would be pleased to bestow a cluster of his Grapes on him; at which the Alderman answered, if he would come to his Vine (meaning his house) he should have his choyce of all his store.

LIV. *How Mr Peters feared the Poet Withers.*
George Withers having wrote a Poem, in which he predicted the continuance of a free State, called it *the perpetuall Parliament*; a little after the Parliament was dissolved, and Mr Peters meeting the said Mr *Withers*, told him he was a pittifull Prophet, and a pittifull Poet, otherwise he had not wrote such Predictions for a pittifull Parliament.

LV. *How Mr. Peters gave his opinion of the
three L L Ls.*

Being once conversing with severall of his familiar friends, he was heard to say, that *England* would never be right till one hundred and fifty were cut off, every one wondring where he would pick so many, at last one asked him, who those were, he answered they were three L L Ls and each L standing for fifty the number might easily be compleated out of *Lords, Levites, and Lawyers.*

LVI. *How Mr. Peters made himself Hewson's father.*

Mr. Peters meeting Colonell *Hewson*, merrily said to the Colonell, how now Son, where's your blessing? But *Hewson* not well conceiving what he said, asked what he meant, why quoth *Hugh*, I mean to teach you your duty, know you not who I am; I am *Hugh*, and as I take it you are *Hugh's son.*

LVII. *How Mr. Peters compared his late Majesty to Barabbas.*

He once preached a Sermon at *St. Margarets Westminster* immediately after the Members were secluded, there being a Fast appointed in that place, where he chose for the words of his Text, *Not this man, but Barabbas*; To whom he compared his late Majesty, inciting his Auditory to Kill the King, withall adding that those Souldiers who assisted in that great work of Reformation had *EMANUEL*, that is, *God with us*, written on their Bridles.

LVIII. *How Mr. Peters quoted the three
fools in the Gospell.*

Mr. Peters Preaching on the neglect Christians too often had in duties, brake forth into this expression, My Beloved, Observe, there are three Fools in the Gospell ; for being bid to the Wedding Supper, every one had his excuse. For the

First, He had hired a Farme and must go see it ; had not he been a fool he would have seen it first, but he would be excused.

The Second, he had bought a Yoake of Oxen, and he must go try them, therefore he likewise desired to be excused ; he also was a foole because he did not try them before he bought them.

The Third he had marryed a Wife, and without any compleiment said plainly he could not come ; he was a fool too, for by this he shewed that one woman drew him away, more then a whole yoake of Oxen did the former.

LIX. *How two Gentlemen put up a Bill to
Mr. Peters.*

On Sunday Jan. 21. 1648. being the time of that grand Tryall and bloody murder of our Sovereigne Lord King *Charls* the first of Blessed Memory, Mr. Peters preach that *Whitehall* upon *Psal. 149. vers. 8.* Of Binding the Kings in Chaines, and the Nobles with fetters of Iron ; applying his Text and Sermon to the late King, and saying he had seen one joyfull day, and he hoped to see another to morrow as good as the former ; There being at that time in the Church

two Gentlemen, who as many more usually did went rather to hear his Jest than his Doctrine ; they hearing how bitterly he inveighed against his late Majesty, and how he applauded the proceedings of the Army, being provided with Pen Ink and Paper on purpose to beare away some of his Pulpit Jest, immediately betake themselves to send him a line or two, which accidentally falling into my hands, I have here inserted.

*Sir, We return you thanks for this your pains,
And hope you'll live your self to wear the Chains;
For if our Genius don't at this time falter,*

Your merits well may claim both chain & halter.

This being wrapped close up, and he drawing to the conclusion of his Sermon, they deliver it to be handed to him, as though it were the Petition of some dying soul ; but he having read it, put it up, and as occasion served, made it now and then passe for a malignant Jest, notwithstanding at last it proved an earnest truth.

For now at last I shall conclude with the Authors death ; He was Indicted *October 9. 1660.* at *Hicks-hall*, and the Bill found by the Grand Jury of Knights and Gentlemen of Quality of the County of *Middlesex* ; such a Bench and such a Jury hath rarely been seene in that Court, where that most learned Lord Chiefe Baron, *Sir Orlando Bridgeman* gave him his charge, and being asked *guilty or not guilty*, lift up his hands and his eyes (according to his custome,) and sayd, *Guilty ! no, not for ten thousand worlds.* However after his Indictment was read and the

Jury

Jury sworne, he saw a whole congregation of witnesses against him; many things were by them asserted, relating to his guilt of being accessary to the spilling of his late Majesties Royall Blood, and his moving and stirring up seditious rebellions in his Majesties Dominions. To which Mr. Peters making no answer, the Jury gave their Verdict that Mr. Hugh Peters was guilty; whereupon the sentence of the Court was, that he should be drawne upon a Sledge to the place of execution, and there be hanged by the neck till he be halfe dead, his Bowels burnt, and his quarters to be disposed of according to order; which on Tuesday the 16th of October was accordingly done at the place where formerly *Tharing Crosse* stood.

Thus did he that called his sacred Majesty a *Barrabas*, a murderer, and seditious; die for murder and sedition himselfe, so that the snare which he layd for another, hath catched hold of himselfe; in this may we see, that according to that of *St. Augustine*, *Justice hath leaden feete, but iron bands*; And though *vengeance tread slowly, it comes surely*, as hath appeared by this man, (sometime my acquaintance) who was every thing, and indeed nothing, sometime foole, and sometime knave; but what most commonly might induce to his benefit and advantage.

FINIS.

